The Mutant Phase, by Nicholas Briggs

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[Part One]

PTOLEM: Starship Dyoni, survey log. Professor Ptolem reporting. We are continuing our sweep of the trade routes, and the picture is the same. Everywhere, utter devastation. Not a single planet we've scanned has been left supporting any life. Where there were once thriving communities, civilisations, people, nothing remains. Some force, some thing has destroyed everything. Energy scans have come up with nothing recognisable. It's almost as if there was some kind of natural disaster. But the question is,
GANATUS [OC]: Commander Ganatus to Professor Ptolem.
PTOLEM: What is it, Ganatus?
GANATUS [OC]: Ptolem, we've picked up something on long range, and I'm getting a bad feeling.
PTOLEM: On my way.

LIEUTENANT: Coming about to new course, Commander.
GANATUS: Now, stop main engines.
LIEUTENANT: Main engines stopped.
GANATUS: Activate forward scanners. Maximum intensity. Let's take a closer look.
LIEUTENANT: Activated.
GANATUS: Sorry to wake you, Professor.
PTOLEM: Do I look like a man who's had a good night's sleep?
GANATUS: You'd better take a look at this.
PTOLEM: What have you got for me, Commander?
GANATUS: This reading is a lifeform, travelling at incredible speed.
PTOLEM: Can we match it?
GANATUS: Well, I'm asking myself, do we need to? See what I mean?
PTOLEM: It's heading straight for us! At present speed it'll intercept in fifty four rels.
LIEUTENANT: In range of forward visual scanners, Commander.
GANATUS: Let's see it. Punch it up. My God. Ptolem, what can you tell me about it?
PTOLEM: Travelling at hyperspeed, three times our maximum. Mass and density read. I don't believe it.
GANATUS: It's bigger than most planets I've visited.
PTOLEM: Well, look at that. It isn't an it at all.
GANATUS: It isn't? What do you mean?
PTOLEM: I'm reading in excess of one hundred billion individual units making up the whole. They're flying in close formation. Cerebral activity, organic texturing. Ganatus, it's a swarm. Lifeforms swarming.
LIEUTENANT: Proximity alert. Mass detected at close range.
PTOLEM: I think we'd better get out of here, Commander.
GANATUS: Full power to main drive. Initiate evasive course. Engage maximum thrust immediately
LIEUTENANT: Main drive powering. Thrusters engaged. Maximum velocity in three rels. Firing at maximum. New course seven seven eight two zero. Drive systems one zero. Two zero. Three zero. Maximum burn. Alien mass gaining on us.
PTOLEM: Ganatus, at this rate
GANATUS: We're not going to make it. Right, if you have any ideas, Ptolem.
PTOLEM: We can't get away. We've got to sit it out. It's our
GANATUS: Our only chance. I know. Cut drive. Divert all engine power to defence screen. Now!
LIEUTENANT: Diverting power now. Power diverted.
GANATUS: Brace for impact.
(Whump! Crew cry out. Speech is impeded by g-forces.)
GANATUS: Slow. Slow. What's happening?

PTOLEM: We're caught it its wake. Travelling at incredible speed. Spiralling out of control.
LIEUTENANT: Structural integrity down to minus seven zero
GANATUS: She won't take much more of this.
(Screams and explosions, whumph and then peace. Crew gasping for breath.)
PTOLEM: I don't believe it. We, we rolled free of it. Them.
GANATUS: But where did they go? There's no sign of them.
PTOLEM: More to the point, where are *we*? At that speed, we must have travelled. Oh no.
GANATUS: What is it?
PTOLEM: Don't you recognise the coordinates?
GANATUS: I er no.
PTOLEM: Re-initiate forward visual scanner. Recognise that?
GANATUS: Oh.
PTOLEM: I never thought I'd see that planet ever again.
GANATUS: Skaro..

(Beeping.)
NYSSA: There, that should do it.
DOCTOR: Er, Nyssa, what are you doing?
NYSSA: Running repairs, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Look, I don't want you to take umbrage, but might I suggest that interfering with the console is something best left to me? I know you're a brilliant technician.
NYSSA: That's very patronising of you to say so, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm, yes. But the old girl is a little dimensionally temperamental, and Time Space travel isn't really your field of expertise, now is it.
NYSSA: No.
DOCTOR: No. Good. Well, I'm glad we've got that cleared up.
NYSSA: There's no need to panic, Doctor. I was just fixing the audio circuits on the proximity alarm.
DOCTOR: The what? Oh, were you? Why?
NYSSA: So that next time the Tardis is hovering above Alaska, we might get a bit more warning if there's an ancient flying machine about to bump into us.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Point taken. Well done, Nyssa.
(Alarm.)
DOCTOR: Yes, all right, there's no need to test it now.
NYSSA: I'm not. There's something nearby, and we're getting plenty of warning this time.
DOCTOR: But we're drifting in the Vortex. Hardly likely to encounter any aeroplanes here.
(Distorted crash.)
NYSSA: What was that?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Like a bump in the Time track.
NYSSA: A bump in the? Let's have a look on the scanner.
(Scanner whirs.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear, I don't like the look of that.
NYSSA: We're detecting quite a bit of temporal fluctuation.
DOCTOR: Not surprising, really. That's some kind of Time Space induction channel. Kind of corridor.
(Beep boop.)
NYSSA: Er, that means we're being drawn towards it, doesn't it?
DOCTOR: Oh yes. Yes, it does. Slowly, inexorably.
NYSSA: Presumably that's bad.
DOCTOR: Presumably. The corridor is almost certainly artificial in origin. Whoever's controlling it is unlikely to be acting responsibly. Which is a pity, really.
NYSSA: Because we can't break free from it?
DOCTOR: Precisely.
NYSSA: Oh. Any ideas?
DOCTOR: Of course. We can bounce off it. Hold tight.
(Time engines start. Crashes. Buzzing of insects. Big crash! Time engines struggle to materialise.)

(Buzzing. Tardis door opens. Rustle of dry stalks.)
NYSSA: So, you've no idea where we are?

DOCTOR: No. Bouncing off that Time corridor rather messed up the er. Hmm, that looks like rape.
NYSSA: What does?
DOCTOR: These plants, but much, much taller. About three to four metres, I should say. I wonder. Genetically modified? Hmm.
(Buzzing insects again.)
NYSSA: Urgh, flying insects. They don't seem very happy.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. Perhaps you've landed on their nest.
NYSSA: They look like the Lime Grove wasps we had on Traken, but these are more yellow. Ow!
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
NYSSA: And they sting just as badly, too.
DOCTOR: Let me have a look.
NYSSA: Don't fuss. I've been stung by plenty of wasps before.
DOCTOR: Yes, but we don't know how dangerous the wasps are on this planet, do we? Just give me your arm.
NYSSA: Ooo, ow.
DOCTOR: Doesn't look very pleasant.
NYSSA: The pain's already going.
DOCTOR: Not fatal, then.
NYSSA: Well, I think I'm still breathing.
DOCTOR: Good. Fit enough to explore?
NYSSA: Absolutely.
(Very big whooshing sound passes.)
DOCTOR: What was that?
NYSSA: Just a blur. But a sign of civilisation, wouldn't you say?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I would say. Now my feeling is this is some sort of cultivation field.
NYSSA: Well, the vegetation is planted in a linear pattern.
DOCTOR: Precisely. So if we walk for a little while, we'll come to the edge of the field and er
NYSSA: Encounter something interesting.
DOCTOR: You read my mind. Come on.

PTOLEM: Ptolem to base. Ptolem to base. Ganatus, do you read me? Over.
(Very garbled reply.)
PTOLEM: Ganatus? You're breaking up.
GANATUS [OC]: Are you all right? We were worried sick. This weather front came from nowhere.
PTOLEM: I know. That's planet Earth for you. Listen, visibility is nil. I'm completely lost.
GANATUS [OC]: We've picked up up on the scanners. You're too far west, right on top of the human's bunker. Head due south east.
PTOLEM: Will do. Thanks. Do you think they spotted me?
GANATUS [OC]: In this weather? Who cares anyway. They haven't given us any trouble so far.

ALBERT: No, er, no. Focus, focus. Mmm. Oh, no.
DOLORES: Well, your Royal Highness, spotted anything through your periscope today?
ALBERT: Young lady, will you stop jogging my pile of books? I'm quite adequately balanced here. But if you will insist on frolicking about the place.
DOLORES: Frolicking? Is that one of your upper class swear words, then?
ALBERT: Oh, do be quiet and give me a hand down.
DOLORES: There you go, HRH.
ALBERT: Thank you, Dolores. And please, refrain from calling me that.
DOLORES: I beg your royal pardon. Well, anyone up there today?
ALBERT: Not in this weather. I did catch sight of one of them stumbling about earlier, but he soon disappeared.
DOLORES: Do you think they're going to help us?
ALBERT: My dear, they've already helped us. Food supplies and that medical check-up they gave us.
DOLORES: Yeah, but they seem a bit, I dunno, distant? Like they don't really care.
ALBERT: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. I'm sure they do. They're aliens, you see. Well, they may look rather like us, but they are aliens. Well, they're bound to behave differently.

DOLORES: I've never trusted them. What happens if they decide to blast off back to wherever they came from, eh? That food they gave us won't last for ever. You seem to have forgotten what it was like before they arrived.
ALBERT: You're beginning to sound like Karl. We have to make the best of the situation as it is. We'll take each day at a time. Face each problem as it occurs.
DOLORES: Albert.
ALBERT: Yes, Dolores?
DOLORES: I have told you you're a prat before, haven't I?
ALBERT: Er, yes. Yes, you have, Dolores.
DOLORES: Yeah, good.

NYSSA: This is a pretty big field, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes.
(A craft whooshes overhead.)
DOCTOR: Now what *are* those things?
NYSSA: I wish they'd move a bit slower, then we'd be able to have a look at them.
DOCTOR: It was heading in that direction. Shall we follow?
NYSSA: The Tardis is in that direction, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Is it? Oh yes, you're right. Well, perhaps
(Gunshots.)
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
NYSSA: Primitive weaponry.
DOCTOR: Primitive, but still very effective.
NYSSA: Perhaps we had better head back towards the Tardis.
(Machine guns and explosions.)
DOCTOR: What a pity. Grenade.
NYSSA: Come on!

PTOLEM [OC]: Open the door, Ganatus. I'm coming in.
(Very heavy door hisses open. Heavy footsteps.)
GANATUS: Ptolem, you made it.
PTOLEM: Evidently. Managed to keep hold of most of the soil samples I collected. Not that they'll be of any use, as usual.
(Ganatus chuckles.)
PTOLEM: What are you so cheerful about?
GANATUS: Well, maybe we won't have to worry about grubbing around with soil samples much longer.
PTOLEM: What do you mean?
GANATUS: We've just got a transmission through. After all these years, he's finally showed up on the Time track.
PTOLEM: You mean, the Doctor?
GANATUS: Come and have a look.

DOCTOR: Stop a minute. Down. Are you all right?
NYSSA: Yes.
DOCTOR: How's your arm?
NYSSA: Never mind my arm. We're lost and we've got to get back to the Tardis before some of those bullets come flying *our* way.
DOCTOR: I knew I should have brought the tracker.
NYSSA: Let's just try to get our bearings. Now, I'm sure we came that way. Er, no, higher. Oh no.
DOCTOR: Now don't panic, Nyssa. Just try and stay
NYSSA: I'm not panicking, but look.
DOCTOR: A body.
(Moves through the crop.)
NYSSA: That's a lot of blood. Definitely dead. Wearing some kind of uniform.
DOCTOR: Yes, vaguely familiar,
NYSSA: A badge. Sheriff.
DOCTOR: State of Kansas. This is an American policeman.

NYSSA: American? Are we near Alaska, then?
DOCTOR: Well, cosmically speaking, yes, but it's hardly walking distance.
NYSSA: What are these marks on his head?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Fairly fresh scars, but he didn't die from them, and he's still moderately warm.
NYSSA: There's a bullet wound in his back.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Wonder if he has a warrant card. Might have a date of issue. Ah. And the year of issue was 2139. I'd say he's well into his forties, possibly fifties. Probably been a policeman all his working life. Oh dear.
NYSSA: You've worked out today's date from that?
DOCTOR: Roughly, and roughly is good enough. Or bad enough.
NYSSA: Bad enough?
DOCTOR: The scars on this man's head are from alien technology which has been grafted on to him. He was under the robotic control of an alien intelligence, then he was shot in the back by his own kind and they probably removed the technology, hence the scarring.
NYSSA: But how do you know all this, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, we're on Earth circa 2157 AD, and we have to find the Tardis.

PTOLEM: Activate Time track.
GANATUS: Here. He encountered the Time corridor at this point.
PTOLEM: But bounced right off it. He has a reputation for being resourceful. But where has it got him? And when?
GANATUS: There. Earth.
PTOLEM: So close and yet so far.
GANATUS: Local date 2150 AD or thereabouts.
PTOLEM: 2158, to be precise. A vintage year.
GANATUS: What do you mean?
PTOLEM: Oh, I've studied his chronology report over and over again, Ganatus. Amazing what you'll read when your desperate for a miracle.
GANATUS: So what are you saying?
PTOLEM: 2158. He won't stay there for long. There's a danger in that time for him. A danger he's faced before.

NYSSA: Yes, it is this way, Doctor. I remember.
DOCTOR: You're right. Come on.
(A rifle is cocked. Angry wasps nearby.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa?
ROBOMAN: (flat voice.) Don't move.
DOCTOR: We're not moving.
NYSSA: Doctor, another Sheriff.
ROBOMAN: Who are you. What are those strange clothes you are wearing.
DOCTOR: Yes, and this one comes complete with alien technology.
ROBOMAN: Silence. Are you with other freedom fighters.
NYSSA: Freedom fighters?
DOCTOR: No, no, no. We're not, but I can show you where they are.
ROBOMAN: Where.
DOCTOR: You see that blue box just over there?
ROBOMAN: Yeah.
DOCTOR: They're hiding in there, aren't they, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Oh, yes. Yes, they are. Definitely.
ROBOMAN: I do not believe you. The freedom fighters are still at liberty in this field.
(Loud buzzing.)
NYSSA: What's he going to do? He doesn't seem awfully bright, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, just frighteningly obedient. I'd watch out for those wasps, if I were you. They're rather vicious.
NYSSA: Doctor, I'm positive that one just stung him and he didn't react at all.
DOCTOR: No sense, no feeling. No humanity.
ROBOMAN: Central, have captured two humans. Requesting back-up.
DOCTOR: Oh, no.
NYSSA: Doctor? Doctor, what is it?

(A flying machine approaches.)
NYSSA: It's landing. What is it?
DOCTOR: Er.
DALEK: Identify yourselves.
DOCTOR: That, Nyssa, is a Dalek.
DALEK: Identify.
DOCTOR: A little dented and battle-scarred, but definitely a Dalek.
DALEK: Identify!
NYSSA: We're lost. We went for a walk and
DALEK: Silence. You have escaped from the work camp.
DOCTOR: Good judge of character, these wasps. Not even they like you. (sotto) Get ready to run to the Tardis, Nyssa.
DALEK: Tardis? What is Tardis? Answer!
DOCTOR: Tardis. Well, it's a sort of cake, really, covered in hundreds and thousands, and we're feeling rather peckish, you see. That's why I said get ready to run.
DALEK: Silence. Take these prisoners to the work camp for punishment. I will destroy this blue box.
DOCTOR: Well, you can try.
DALEK: Explain yourself.
DOCTOR: Shouldn't you report it to your superiors?
DALEK: Do not question your masters. Take them. Take them!
DOCTOR: Now, Nyssa. Now!
(Running.)
DALEK: Do not move! Do not move! Do not move!
DOCTOR: In you go, Nyssa, quickly.
NYSSA: All right, all right.
DALEK: Halt! Halt! Halt!
(The Tardis dematerialises amid gunfire.)
DALEK: Halt! Halt!

NYSSA: What was that thing? A Dalek? I take it you've met them before.
DOCTOR: Yes, but luckily they haven't met me. Yet.
NYSSA: Oh!
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
NYSSA: That sting's hurting again. I'll go and get the first aid kit.
DOCTOR: Well, if you're sure you
(Beeps and burbles.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no! I forgot.
NYSSA: The time corridor.

PTOLEM: That's it. Check it, Ganatus.
GANATUS: Time corridor detectors confirm. The Tardis has entered and is in transit. We've got him.
PTOLEM: Then his future lies with us now.

NYSSA: Power's at full, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I know, I know. We just can't break free.
NYSSA: I can't get the destination to register. The system must still be suffering from that bouncing trick of yours. Pity you couldn't do it again.
DOCTOR: I wasn't thinking. The moment we dematerialised we got sucked straight into the corridor.
NYSSA: If only we knew where and when it's taking us.
DOCTOR: Oh, it doesn't matter, really.
NYSSA: Doesn't matter?
DOCTOR: Wherever it is, there are bound to be Daleks waiting for us.

GANATUS: Arrival is imminent, it says here.
PTOLEM: Hardly surprising, given the circumstances. We'd better greet them, I suppose.
GANATUS: Do we have a choice?

NYSSA: Not long now. Doctor? Doctor.
DOCTOR: All right, here's the situation. We've fallen right into a trap.
NYSSA: Set by these Dalek creatures.
DOCTOR: No one else could be operating the Time corridor.
NYSSA: Doctor, there's a whole universe of creatures out there, and any one of them
DOCTOR: Well, just take my word for it. I have an instinct for these things.
NYSSA: And the Daleks are what, some kind of mechanical lifeform?
DOCTOR: Later. I'll explain later. What we need is an advantage, any advantage.
NYSSA: What sort of advantage? We're stuck in the Time corridor.
DOCTOR: Time. That's it, we need time. How do we get time?
NYSSA: Space.
DOCTOR: What? What do you mean?
NYSSA: Well, at the moment, we're just sailing along their corridor heading further and further forward in Time, so we'll end up just where they want us. But what if we put up a fight? We won't escape the temporal destination, but
DOCTOR: But any minor deviation from the spatial coordinates could put us miles in the wrong direction. And every mile gained would be a mile away from the Daleks, hopefully.
NYSSA: Well, it's worth a try.
DOCTOR: It certainly is. Come on, Nyssa. And er, thank you.
NYSSA: You're welcome, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Now, let's try dematerialising. Eureka!

GANATUS: Time corridor is activating. (power builds.) Hey, Ptolem, you all right?
PTOLEM: All right? I don't think I'll ever be all right again. What has happened to us, Ganatus? What are we doing here? Don't you ever ask yourself that?
GANATUS: Yes. Yes, I do. And the answer is simple, my friend. We are doing what has to be done.
PTOLEM: You're right, of course, but I still can't get used to this, even after all these years.
(Power falls.)
GANATUS: Materialisation complete.
(Door opens and closes.)
DALEK: Report.
GANATUS: The Doctor's arrival is imminent.
DALEK: Excellent. Soon he will be in our power.

NYSSA: I don't think the Tardis can take much more of this, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No. Has there been a shift is spatial coordinates yet?
NYSSA: I don't know. I can't tell.
DOCTOR: Then we'll just have to risk it. Materialising now!

DOLORES: I suppose it's lucky they turned up, really.
ALBERT: Hmm? Who? Oh, you mean the Thals. Of course it's lucky. Lucky for us.
DOLORES: Do you think they do this a lot? You know, fly around the universe helping starving people who ain't got much of a planet left.
ALBERT: Who can say? I expect so.
(Time engines nearby.)
DOLORES: Here, what's that noise?
ALBERT: I don't know.
DOLORES: It's stopped.
ALBERT: Yes.
DOLORES: Came from up by the loos. Shall we take a look?
ALBERT: Er, yes. Perhaps it's the Thals.
DOLORES: You and your bleeding Thals.

NYSSA: Well, we made it. Ow!
DOCTOR: What's the matter?
NYSSA: Wasp sting.
DOCTOR: Yes, we'd better have a look at that.
NYSSA: Let's have a look at what's outside, first.
(Scanner activates.)
NYSSA: I can't see much. It's dark. Looks like we're inside some kind of architectural structure?
DOCTOR: No Daleks, that's a good sign.
NYSSA: Perhaps they're hiding.
DOCTOR: Show a little optimism please, Nyssa.

PTOLEM: We are honoured. Three of them. They're normally pretty jumpy about just one Dalek leaving Skaro these days.
GANATUS: Rather touching, isn't it? They wanted to give him a proper welcome.
DALEK: Where is the Doctor? The Time track indicates his Tardis has arrived.
GANATUS: It can't have done. The alarms would have gone off.
DALEK 2: Do not contradict the Daleks. The evidence is clear.
PTOLEM: It's probably your equipment that's at fault. It's given us nothing but trouble since we got here.
DALEK: Dalek technology is the superior
PTOLEM: Oh please, don't start making speeches. I'm tired, and I'm as anxious as you are for the Doctor to get here.
DALEK 3: I have analysed the Time track readings. The Tardis has exited our Time corridor at the correct point in Time, but the Doctor has altered the spatial coordinates.
GANATUS: Well, Ptolem. You said he was resourceful.
DALEK: Silence! Can the Tardis be located?
DALEK 3: There is no clear coordinate reading.
PTOLEM: You see? This damn thing needs an overhaul.
DALEK: Silence!
DALEK 3: Readings indicate that he is somewhere on this planet.
PTOLEM: Somewhere on this planet? Oh, that's marvellous. We'll just start searching the whole planet Earth then.
DALEK: Silence!
PTOLEM: That shouldn't take more than a few years.
DALEK: Silence!
PTOLEM: You don't mind if we wait for the storm to die down before we start, do you?
DALEK: Meteorological conditions are irrelevant. The Daleks will supply equipment for the search. Professor Ptolem, you will continue with your work.

(Tardis door opens.)
NYSSA: No one about.
DOCTOR: No. What's that noise?
NYSSA: Sounds like running water.
DOCTOR: Yes.
NYSSA: What's that smell?
DOCTOR: Er, chemicals. Disinfectant, I think. Reinforced concrete, but it's cracked, quite severely. And the floor, too.
NYSSA: Very uneven. Subsidence?
DOCTOR: Hmm. It's cold, and the air's damp and dense. I think we're underground, and this structure is under a considerable amount of pressure whatever's above, hence the cracks.
NYSSA: So what do we do now?
DOCTOR: I don't know. One thing's for certain. If we try to leave in the Tardis, we'll end up right back in the Time corridor.
NYSSA: (sotto) Someone's coming.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: At least they've got feet. Could be friendly.
NYSSA: Doctor, if those Daleks were occupying Earth in 2157, maybe they're still here now.
DOCTOR: If this is Earth.
NYSSA: Maybe your friendly feet belong to more of those zombies under Dalek control.

DOCTOR: No, it didn't happen like that. The Dalek occupation of Earth was foiled in 2167.
NYSSA: Don't tell me you were there?
DOCTOR: I did play some small part in it.
DOLORES: Well, I'll tell you one thing. They're definitely not Thals.
ALBERT: No. No, they're not.
DOCTOR: Did you say Thals?

PTOLEM: The Time corridor has activated.
GANATUS: Leaving us so soon?
DALEK: We are now returning to Skaro in our time zone.
PTOLEM: There's no need to be so nervous. All our research so far shows the Mutant Phase isn't an airborne infection. In the light of that, don't you think this self-imposed quarantine of yours is a little paranoid?
DALEK: Your research is not conclusive.
PTOLEM: No
DALEK: This discussion is at an end.
(Door opens.)
DALEK: Enter the Time conduit.
DALEK 2: We are ready.
(Dalek 3 makes strange slurring sounds.)
GANATUS: What's the matter with it?
PTOLEM: I don't know.
DALEK: Are you experiencing a systems malfunction?
DALEK 3: I, I, I, I cannot con-con-control. (bang) Argh.
PTOLEM: Oh my God. We've never seen this before.
DALEK: Mutant Phase! Mutant Phase! Alert! Alert! Move away from this unit.
GANATUS: What are you going to do?
DALEK: Move away! It must be exterminated!
PTOLEM: No, wait. Wait a minute, wait a minute. You can't. Don't you see? This is our first opportunity to
DALEK: Silence! Silence! There must be no impurities in the Dalek race. This creature must be
PTOLEM: Creature? You're talking about one of your own kind.
DALEK: No, no, it is no longer a Dalek. The Mutant Phase!
PTOLEM: But if we can study a living specimen.
DALEK 2: That is not possible. All infected Daleks must be exterminated!
(Bangs and gurgles.)
GANATUS: My God, you really *are* afraid, aren't you?
(More bangs and gurgles. Dalek 3 squelches.)
GANATUS: Ptolem, look at it.
DALEK: Mutant Phase!
DALEK 2: Exterminating.
DALEKS: Exterminate! Exterminate!

[Part Two]

PTOLEM: No!
GANATUS: Ptolem, what are you doing?
DALEK: Move out of the way, Professor Ptolem, or we will destroy you also.
PTOLEM: I don't think so. Not without orders from your Emperor.
DALEK 2: All mutant creatures must be exterminated.
PTOLEM: I was granted full authority to do whatever's necessary to achieve our aims here. Look at it. It that what you're afraid of?
DALEK: The Dalek race must
PTOLEM: Just listen to me. We have never captured one of these creatures at the larvae stage. Analysis of it could give us the vital chance we need.
DALEK: Now that the Doctor has been captured, your research is of secondary importance.
PTOLEM: But the Doctor *hasn't* been captured, has he. You may have dragged him across aeons and parsecs, but by your own admission he's probably just wandering around

somewhere on this planet. And in case you've forgotten, the planet Earth in 4253 AD is not a very safe place to be.

NYSSA: So we're still on Earth.
DOCTOR: And you say the Thals came here to help you?
ALBERT: Oh yes, that's right, er, Doctor.
DOLORES: Yeah, they're a right bundle of laughs, Doc.
NYSSA: And what about the Daleks?
DOLORES: The what?
NYSSA: Daleks.
ALBERT: Oh, are they friends of the Thals?
DOCTOR: Hardly. Look, could you tell us precisely what's happened here?
ALBERT: Um, no.
DOCTOR: Oh.
DOLORES: Not precisely, anyway.
DOCTOR: Well, er, vaguely will do, if that's all you can manage.
DOLORES: There was a global disaster, That's what they called it, didn't they, Albert?
ALBERT: Oh yes. Yes, global. About thirty or so years ago. I was a very young child. Dolores here
DOLORES: My mum was one of the survivors. Apparently, they had a plan to repopulate the Earth, but they hadn't reckoned on the food shortage, and nothing grows up there, you see. My mum starved to death. Gave her rations to me, silly cow. What was the point of that, eh?
DOCTOR: I see. I see. I'm sorry.
DOLORES: Why?
DOCTOR: Er.
NYSSA: What caused this global disaster?
DOLORES: We'd better take them to see Karl, Albert. He's the only one who really seems to understand.
DOCTOR: Who's Karl?
ALBERT: Professor Karl Hendryk. He's, he's, well
DOLORES: He's the clever one.
ALBERT: Yes.
DOLORES: He'll be able to answer all your questions. Hey, is there something wrong with your arm?
NYSSA: Hmm?
DOLORES: Only you keep rubbing it.
NYSSA: Oh, it's nothing. Ah!
DOCTOR: Let me see. Hmm. Looks like it's turning septic.
DOLORES: Are you a proper doctor then?
DOCTOR: Er, no, not really. I
NYSSA: Doctor, I'd better go back into the Tardis.
ALBERT: We have some medical supplies here. From the Thals, you see. Perhaps I
DOLORES: Good idea, your Majesty. You take Nyssa to the study and I'll take the Doctor to see Karl.
NYSSA: That's very kind of you, but
DOCTOR: I'm sure it'll be all right, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Well, if you're sure.
DOCTOR: (sotto) The sooner we find out what's going on here, the better. (normal) Well, er, Dolores, did you say your name was? Please, lead the way to this Professor Hendryk of yours.

GANATUS: Creature secured in containment area.
PTOLEM: Activate localised defence screen.
GANATUS: Activated. Do you think the Emperor's going to be happy when our chums report back to him?
PTOLEM: He'll be happy enough when we tell him we've made a breakthrough.
GANATUS: And if we succeed, what do you expect them to do? Give us a medal each and let us all go home?
PTOLEM: You're a pessimist, Ganatus, my friend.
GANATUS: Do you blame me? What if they never find the Doctor? What if he dies out there somewhere before we can get to him?

PTOLEM: You really are having a bad day, aren't you, my old friend?
GANATUS: What if we can't find the cure, Ptolem? You always seem to be so calm about it, but
PTOLEM: Calmly now, calmly now. I have a form of insurance, should all other avenues be exhausted.
GANATUS: What do you mean?
(Alarm beeps.)
GANATUS: Life readings are low. I think it's going to die.
PTOLEM: That's because it has nothing to feed on. Ganatus, administer nutrient compound epsilon gamma, will you?
GANATUS: Administering. Ptolem, I don't believe it! That's a marked improvement in life readings already.
PTOLEM: Have the defence screen power doubled.
GANATUS: Yes, Professor.
PTOLEM: I think we can expect some rapid developments. Now, if you need me, Ganatus, I'll be in my room, sleeping.
GANATUS: But. Yes. Yes, of course.

DOCTOR: How many of you are there down here?
DOLORES: Dunno. Not many.
DOCTOR: Well, er, thousands? Hundreds?
DOLORES: Bit optimistic, aren't you? No, around twenty, twenty five, I'd say. Can't be sure, though. No one really talks to each other any more.
DOCTOR: I see. Are you in touch with any other groups of survivors?
DOLORES: There aren't any.
DOCTOR: What? Have you looked? How do you know?
DOLORES: The Thals told us. They did what they call a planetary sweep. To start with they thought no one had survived at all. They seemed to be a bit surprised to find us, to tell you the truth.
DOCTOR: So they weren't looking for you.
DOLORES: Dunno what they were looking for, Doc. At the end of the day, I think they've got their minds on other things.
DOCTOR: What other things?
DOLORES: Dunno. But I reckon they'll leave us in the lurch.
DOCTOR: Really.
DOLORES: Yeah. I get feelings about things like that, you know?
DOCTOR: Do you?
DOLORES: Yeah. I reckon it's over for us. Human race, I mean. Karl says there are other people out there in space, in colonies and such like, but where are they, that's what I want to know. Why haven't they come to help us?
DOCTOR: Indeed.

NYSSA: You've got a lot of books here.
ALBERT: Yes, yes. It's all we have now. The computers stopped working a few years ago. Just as well, really. We have to conserve the generator power.
NYSSA: Perhaps the Doctor could help you with that.
ALBERT: Oh, I'm sure the Thals will get around to it. Please, sit down. I'll get the first aid box. Put some ointment and a plaster on that arm of yours.
NYSSA: Where did these Thals come from?
ALBERT: Oh, from space. Yes, from out there. Somewhere. Now. Now, I er, I. I er.
NYSSA: Is something the matter?
ALBERT: Please, wait here. I won't be long. I won't be long.
NYSSA: But where are you
(Door closes.)
NYSSA: Oh. Well, I'll do it myself, then.

DOLORES: This is his room. Good luck.
DOCTOR: Where are you going?
DOLORES: To tell you the truth, I can't be bothered listening to all his weird stuff, Doc. Well,

you're the one who wants to know all about it. Don't see the point myself.
(Knocks on door.)
DOLORES: Karl? Karl, visitor for you. Just go in, eh? He won't mind. See you later.
(Footsteps recede.)
DOCTOR: I see. Well, here goes.
(Door opens. Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: Hello? Anybody at home? Would help if I could find the light switch.
KARL: (Slavic) There is no light. I don't like it. Come in.
DOCTOR: Er, Dolores said you could tell me, well, tell me what happened here.
KARL: Here?
DOCTOR: On Earth.
KARL: I said come in. Shut the door. There is draught.
DOCTOR: Oh.
(Door closed.)
KARL: Don't worry. Your eyes will become accustomed to the darkness. Mine have, over the years.
DOCTOR: I see. Or rather, I don't see.

NYSSA: The sting seems to be getting worse. Still, that'll have to do. Now, where's Albert? Albert?
(Door opens.)
NYSSA: Albert?
(Footsteps.)
NYSSA: Where's he got to?
ALBERT: (distant) Yes, the man is tall, blond hair.
NYSSA: What?
ALBERT: (distant) Strange clothes. Yes. There was a blue box. He called it. He called it the Tardis.

KARL: Are you a Thal?
DOCTOR: No.
KARL: You look like a Thal. Same blond hair. Strange clothes, though.
DOCTOR: Yes, er, look, I just want to know what
KARL: Definitely not a Thal. They already knew. They don't ask questions, don't answer them either. We are here to help, they say. I don't trust them. Why should I trust you?
DOCTOR: Please, I'm not asking you to trust me. I just want to know why there are only about twenty five inhabitants of the planet Earth left. What happened here?
KARL: Why do you care?
DOCTOR: Look, I've been dragged to this planet by a race called Daleks. Have you heard of them?
KARL: Hmm, Daleks.
DOCTOR: Yes.
KARL: I do remember something. There was war with them once, something like that.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, there have been many wars with them. But I want to know why they brought me here. Perhaps they were responsible for what happened here all those years ago?
KARL: No.
DOCTOR: You seem very sure about that.
KARL: Well, describe these Daleks to me.
DOCTOR: Machine creatures. Metallic outer shells with a genetically mutated being inside. Fiercely intelligent, aggressive, devoid of all pity.
KARL: Hmm. No. It was not them.
DOCTOR: You're sure?
KARL: Positive. I would have remembered *them*. How are your eyes? Can you see anything yet?
DOCTOR: I er, I can just about make you out.
KARL: Good. What is your name?
DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor.
KARL: Hmm. Doctor. Good. I am going to show you something, Doctor. Follow me.

(What used to be Dalek 3 is noisy.)
GANATUS: My God. The rate of growth is incredible.
PTOLEM: Yes, it's doubled in size and the mass is still increasing. It's also showing signs of the maturing process. Look, just there on the lower thoraxial area.
GANATUS: It's growing legs!

(An echoing place. Walking on gravel.)
KARL: There, Do you see it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure I can make it out.
KARL: All right, all right, you can use this flash light, but wait until I put on my dark glasses. Heh. These are genuine Ray Bans, you know.
DOCTOR: Really.
KARL: Oh yes, I have a passion for collecting artefacts from our race's once great technological past, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Very laudable, I'm sure.
KARL: Mmm, that's better. All right, Doctor, you may switch on the flash light.
DOCTOR: Thank you. (click) It's, it's unbelievable.
KARL: You don't believe your own eyes? Imagine the skies full of these creatures. A swarm so thick that the light from the sun was smothered.
DOCTOR: I've never seen anything like it before. Vaguely insectoid, but it must be over a hundred metres in length. These wings, like some sort of metallic shielding. It is dead?
KARL: They all died, those that did not fly back to the stars, but not before they had sucked the life out of this planet.
DOCTOR: Sucked the life?
KARL: It sounds rather melodramatic, doesn't it. There are no minerals left, no plants, no micro-organisms, no nutrients in the Earth's crust. The oceans are dead.
DOCTOR: What did they do?
KARL: I remember, like a nightmare that won't go away. To touch them meant death, and any weapon ranged against them they just absorbed the destructive power. They were invincible.
DOCTOR: Invincible? But they died.
KARL: Suddenly, yes.
DOCTOR: How? Why?
KARL: I don't know. One day they just started to die when they fed. But it was too late. There was nothing left on Earth to sustain life, just crumbling cities, cowering survivors and rotting corpses. Soon it will all be dust, and mankind's last ignominious chapter will be at an end.
DOCTOR: But what's the connection with the Daleks?

DALEK: Report for Dalek Supreme on Skaro quarantine status.
SUPREME: Speak.
DALEK: Incidents of Mutant Phase on Skaro still increasing. Mutant creatures maintaining assault on all planetary defence barriers.
SUPREME: Defence barrier status.
DALEK: We continue to divert all available power resources to the barrier, but mutant creatures attacking the barriers continue to absorb energy at increasing rates. Total barrier failure is inevitable.
(Alarm sounds.)
SUPREME: Proceed.
DALEK [OC]: Report received from our agent on Earth in 4253 time zone. The Doctor has been located.
SUPREME: Excellent. Despatch a Time Squad immediately. The Doctor is to be captured without delay.

NYSSA: Oof!
DOLORES: Hey, why are you in such a hurry?
NYSSA: Where's the Doctor? What have you done with him?
DOLORES: Done with him? What are you talking about? Where's Albert? What have *you* done with *him*?
NYSSA: What are you people up to down here? You're working for the Daleks, aren't you.
DOLORES: Daleks? I'd never heard of them until you and the Doctor mentioned it.

NYSSA: Well, I overheard Albert talking to them.
DOLORES: Talking to them? Are you sure?
NYSSA: Well, no, but he was in communication with, with someone.
DOLORES: In communication? What the hell are you talking about?
NYSSA: Look, just take me to the Doctor. Can you do that? Can you?

(Alarm sounds, Ptolem yawns.)
PTOLEM: What now? Oh, I knew it was too good to be true. All I ask for now and again is a few paltry hours of sleep.
(Door opens and closes.)
GANATUS: Ptolem. Ptolem, wake up. The Daleks are here again.
PTOLEM: What? Why?
GANATUS: They say they've found the Doctor. They want us to go with them.

KARL: Does all this answer your questions, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Partially. Only partially. Why don't you and Dolores trust the Thals?
KARL: I don't care what that empty-headed girl thinks. She
DOCTOR: All right, all right, never mind her. Why don't *you* trust them?
KARL: Why do you want to know?
DOCTOR: Because they are one of the most peace-loving races in the universe. Because they are sworn enemies of the Daleks, and, well, because by and large it's difficult not to trust a Thal.
KARL: Huh. Well, I know what I feel.
DOCTOR: Something's wrong here. Something's very wrong. I get the distinct feeling things are not how they should be.
KARL (laughs) Congratulations, Doctor. You may qualify as the universe's greatest optimist.

(Footsteps.)
DOLORES: This way. Karl will have taken him to see the monster.
NYSSA: Monster? What monster?
ALBERT: Ah, there you are, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Get out of my way.
ALBERT: I beg your pardon? What's the matter with her, Dolores?
DOLORES: I dunno. She thinks that
NYSSA: Who were you talking to earlier?
ALBERT: Talking to? I don't know what you mean.
NYSSA: I heard you telling someone about the Doctor, the Tardis.
ALBERT: I think there's been a misunderstanding.
NYSSA: Dolores is taking me to the Doctor. Will you get out of my way, please.
ALBERT: Ah, I don't think that's a good idea.
NYSSA: Why not?
DOLORES: Yeah, why not, your Royal Highness? What's it to you?
ALBERT: Stay out of this, Dolores.
DOLORES: Stay out? What are you talk
NYSSA: Oh! Take your hand off me.
ALBERT: I think it's best if you (thump) Ow!
NYSSA: I'm warning you.
DOLORES: Blimey, you mean business, girl.
NYSSA: Dolores, will you take me to the Doctor?
DOLORES: Yeah, sure. Come on, it's this way.
ALBERT: No, Dolores. They must not be allowed to escape in the Tardis. They must be captured.
DOLORES: Captured? Albert, what the hell's got into you?
ALBERT: You will obey me. Do you hear? You will obey me.
DOLORES: Obey? Obey this.
(Punch! Albert gets hurt.)
DOLORES: You stuck-up git! (punch!) I do not obey anyone, even if they are descended from royalty. Come on, Nyssa.

GANATUS: The damn thing's still growing.
DALEK: This creature should be exterminated.
PTOLEM: No! It's a vital part of my work, and you don't have the authority to interfere, do you.
DALEK: We must proceed to the bunker where the remaining Earth creatures survive.
PTOLEM: How'd you know the Doctor's there?
DALEK: Do not question the Daleks. You will take us to the bunker with all haste.
PTOLEM: Ganatus, has that weather front subsided yet?
GANATUS: No, but
PTOLEM: Then we can't go. You'll have to wait.
DALEK: We have orders to exterminate you if you do not cooperate.
PTOLEM: What!
GANATUS: I think they mean it this time, Ptolem.
PTOLEM: (sighs) Very well.
DALEK: Move!

(Running on gravel.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
NYSSA: Doctor, we have to get back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Why? What's the matter?
DOLORES: It's Albert. Something's got into him. He's er, he's gone weird.
DOCTOR: Weird?
KARL: Heh, what do you expect? He is descended from British Royal Family, They were never big in the brain department.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't follow.
NYSSA: I think he's working for the Daleks.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
NYSSA: No, but I heard him communicating with someone. I don't know how he was doing it, I couldn't quite see. It was dark. But he was identifying you and the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm sufficiently convinced. You were quite right to panic, Nyssa. The only safe place for us right now is in the Tardis.
KARL: Tardis? What is this Tardis?
DOCTOR: Never mind.
DOLORES: It's their spaceship, isn't it. I'm right, aren't I?
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Yes! Sorry, yes?
NYSSA: That creature. What is it?
DOCTOR: What indeed. Come on. I have a feeling time is against us.

(Mutant gurgles, electronic sizzles. An alarm sounds.)
TECHNICIAN: Increase power to the defence screen. Quickly! It's starting to break through. Professor Ptolem chose a hell of a time to leave.

(Howling wind.)
DALEK: You will lead the way, Professor Ptolem. Lead the way. Lead!
PTOLEM: Yes, all right. It's this way, isn't it, Ganatus?
GANATUS: Yes. If you keep heading due south west, you should hit their main entrance in about ten minutes.
PTOLEM: Come on, then.
(Walking.)
PTOLEM: What I want to know is, how the hell did they find the Doctor when they hadn't even sent any of their search equipment.
GANATUS: Does it matter? After all, if they really have found the Doctor, all our troubles will be over now, won't they?
PTOLEM: Yes. Yes, I suppose so.
DALEK: Faster. Maximum urgency is imperative.

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: How far is it now, Dolores?
DOLORES: Not far, Doc.

KARL: Are you sure you have not got us lost, girl?
DOLORES: Oh, and you'd know, would you? When was the last time you left your bleeding room?
NYSSA: What are we going to do once we get inside the Tardis, Doctor?
DOCTOR: One thing at a time, Nyssa. How's your arm, by the way?
NYSSA: Getting worse, I'm afraid.
DOLORES: Wait a minute. That shouldn't be there.
KARL: You mean this wall?
NYSSA: Oh, Dolores.
DOLORES: But I was sure.
DOCTOR: Wait a minute. (knocking) This isn't a wall, it's some kind of bulkhead door. And this is the right way. I remember those cracks in the floor there.
KARL: Somebody must have activated one of the old emergency doors.
DOLORES: Somebody? Who?
NYSSA: Albert.
ALBERT: That's right, Nyssa.
DOCTOR: And presumably the controls are in this junction box here.
ALBERT: Move away from that, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah. Mmm. At a guess, I'd say that gun isn't of local origin, Albert. Who gave it to you, your Dalek masters?
ALBERT: Remain still, all of you.
DOLORES: All right, remaining still. What now, Albert? What are we waiting for?
DOCTOR: I think I can guess.

(Howling wind.)
GANATUS: This is it. Main entrance is down those steps.
DALEK: All Daleks activate hover mode.
DALEK 2: We obey.
DALEK: We will descend into the bunker. You will follow.
PTOLEM: If you insist.
DALEK: All Daleks will initiate heat scans. Calibrate to recognise Gallifreyan physiology. Locate the Doctor.
DALEKS: We obey.

DOCTOR: So how did they do it, Albert?
ALBERT: Keep back! Don't move. I said, don't move.
NYSSA: Careful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It's all right, isn't it, Albert? I'm just interested to know how the Daleks took control of your mind. Psychotropic implant? But how did they put it in your head? Was it the Thals, Albert?
ALBERT: Don't move or you will be exterminated.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh! Now that was definitely a good old-fashioned piece of Dalek rhetoric, wasn't it? You will be exterminated.
ALBERT: Silence!
DOCTOR: But that's all it is, isn't it. Rhetoric.
ALBERT: What? What do you mean? Stay where you are.
DOCTOR: Well, let's face it, Albert. If the Daleks had wanted me dead, they'd have had you kill me the moment you saw me, wouldn't they? Now give me that gun.
ALBERT: No!
NYSSA: Doctor, he's going to fire!
(Gunshot, someone screams. Thud.)
DOLORES: Karl, you sly old devil.
KARL: As I said, Doctor. I love collecting artefacts from mankind's past. This automatic pistol is one of my favourites.
DOCTOR: I don't think that was entirely necessary.
NYSSA: Doctor, he's not dead.
KARL: I never claimed to be good shot.
DOLORES: How long have you been carrying that thing?
KARL: Ever since the Thals arrived. They made me nervous.

(Albert groans.)
DOCTOR: Which may just be lucky for him. Nyssa, get that door open. There's no time to waste.
NYSSA: Right.
(Bulkhead door opens.)
DOCTOR: And hey presto, the Tardis.
KARL: So what are you going to do? Get in that funny looking thing and just fly away?
NYSSA: Unfortunately that isn't possible.
DOCTOR: No, but we are going to get in it.
DOLORES: Why?
DOCTOR: Because my guess is this place will shortly be swarming with Daleks. Come along, Nyssa. Er, Karl, Dolores, I suggest for your own safety you join us.
DOLORES: Are these Daleks really that dangerous?
DOCTOR: Oh, I assure you
(Dalek weapon fire.)
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Nyssa, quickly, into the Tardis.
KARL: I'll hold them off.
(Gunshots.)
DOCTOR: No, Karl, you don't stand a chance.
DALEK: Exterminate.
(Karl screams.)
NYSSA: Oh, no!
DALEK: Halt! Halt!
ALBERT: Do not move!
NYSSA: Oh! Doctor, he's got me!
DOLORES: Get off her! Get off! (thump)
DOCTOR: Quickly, Nyssa.
NYSSA: No. Doctor, you go. It's you they want.
(Albert takes more thumps.)
DOLORES: Let go of here, you brute.
DOCTOR: But Nyssa
NYSSA: Go, Doctor!
(Tardis door opens and closes.)
DALEK: Do not move.

DOCTOR: This isn't going to solve anything. Let's see what's going on out there.
(Scanner activated.)
DALEK [OC]: Doctor, you are our prisoner. You will surrender.

DOCTOR [OC]: What do you want of me?
DALEK: You will leave the Tardis. You will surrender.
DOCTOR [OC]: I'll leave the Tardis when you answer my question.
DALEK: If you do not leave immediately, we will exterminate these humanoids one at a time.
DOCTOR [OC]: How predictable. Answer the question then let the girls into the Tardis. Then and only then will I surrender.
DALEK: Unacceptable.
GANATUS: Looks like trouble.
PTOLEM: What's going on here? Using your usual ham-fisted tactics, are we?
GANATUS: Don't antagonise them. Ptolem.
DALEK: You will not interfere, Professor.
PTOLEM: Do you want the Doctor or not, hmm? Let me persuade him. He's not going to listen to you. You've got all the persuasive powers of a, a food dispenser.
GANATUS: A food dispenser with a gun, Ptolem.
PTOLEM: I know what I'm doing, Ganatus. Doctor! I am Professor Ptolem.
DOCTOR [OC]: Well, well, well. A Thal who's sold out to the Daleks.
PTOLEM: I know how it must look, Doctor, but if you'll just give me a chance to explain, I'm sure you'll understand and prove willing to help us.
DOCTOR [OC]: Help the Daleks? You really don't know me at all, do you.
PTOLEM: I know you better than you think, Doctor. You and your predicament. I know there's

no point in your taking off in that thing, not with the Dalek's Time corridor waiting to catapult you straight back here.
DOCTOR [OC]: I don't deny it. So what objection can you possibly have to letting the two girls come into the Tardis. I'll feel happier when they're safe in here with me, and you can explain everything to me from out there at your leisure, since you're so sure of your argument.
DALEK: Terms are unacceptable.
PTOLEM: Why? What harm
DALEK: Silence. Doctor, you will surrender or we will exterminate one of the humanoid females.
NYSSA: Doctor, you can't give in to them.
PTOLEM: They mean it, Doctor.
DALEK: Exterminate her.
DALEK 2: I obey.
(Dalek weapon fires. Female scream.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa!
NYSSA: I'm all right, Doctor. I'm all right. But, but they've killed Dolores.
DALEK: Surrender now or we will exterminate the remaining humanoid female. Surrender!
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: I surrender.

[Part Three]

DALEK: You are now a prisoner of the Daleks.
DOCTOR: How very astute of you to notice.
PTOLEM: Strange as it may seem, Doctor, I assure you that you won't regret this.
DOCTOR: I'm regretting it already. Release Nyssa.
DALEK: You are in no position to make demands. You will be taken to the Thal base. Take him.
ALBERT: (in pain) Please, somebody, help me. I, I
DALEK: This humanoid is surplus to requirements. Exterminate!
DOCTOR: No!
(Dalek weapons fire. Albert screams.)
DOCTOR: That wasn't necessary.
DALEK: Silence!
PTOLEM: This way *please*, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You'd better hope you never become surplus to requirements, Professor.
PTOLEM: Release the girl.
DALEK: Very well.
DOCTOR: Nyssa. Nyssa, are you all right?
NYSSA: Yes, I'm fine, but the others. I can't believe. Are the Daleks always this cold-blooded?
DOCTOR: Unerringly.
DALEK: Attach anti-grav units to the Tardis. It is to be brought with us to the Thal base. Move.

DALEK: Secure the Tardis.
NYSSA: What do you want of the Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, you've gone to a lot of trouble to get me here. What happens now?
DALEK: You will be transported to Skaro through our Time corridor and taken to the Emperor.
DOCTOR: An Imperial audience? I'm honoured. Why?
PTOLEM: No. It was agreed that I should brief the Doctor on the situation first. There's still a lot of work to be done. He
DALEK: Silence.
PTOLEM: He needs to understand. He won't help us otherwise.
DALEK: We will force him to help us.
PTOLEM: Subtle as ever. Don't you realise
DOCTOR: Tell me, Professor. Just why are you working for the sworn enemies of your people?
PTOLEM: Dire situations forge strange alliances, Doctor.
NYSSA: Dire situations?
DALEK: Silence!

(Alarm.)
DOCTOR: What's that?
PTOLEM: Ganatus?
GANATUS: It's the laboratory's containment alarm, isn't it?
PTOLEM: Oh, no! The Mutant creature.
NYSSA: Mutant creature?
DOCTOR: Ptolem.
PTOLEM: It's broken out. The crew! Ganatus, we've got to
DALEK: Stay where you are.
GANATUS: I must help my crew!
DALEK: Do not move or I will exterminate you.
DOCTOR: Ptolem, what's happening?
DALEK: The Doctor must be taken to the Time corridor immediately.
(Crash!)
DALEK 2: Alert! Alert!
(Mutant buzzing.)
PTOLEM: Everybody back! Back! Get back!
DALEK: Mutant creature at liberty. Alert! Alert!
NYSSA: Doctor, it's just like that creature Karl showed us.
DOCTOR: Yes, but very much alive. Ptolem, what is that thing?
PTOLEM: The reason we need you, Doctor.
GANATUS: It's grown so quickly, Ptolem. The last time I saw it, it was only
(A Dalek screams.)
DALEK: Retreat! Retreat! The Mutant creature must be exterminated. Fire! Fire!
(Dalek weapons fire continues under dialogue.)
DOCTOR: Can they kill it?
GANATUS: Probably not. But it should die relatively soon, anyway.
NYSSA: Why?
GANATUS: Not enough for it to feed on.
NYSSA: Feed on?
DALEK: Exterminate!
DALEK 2: Exterminate. Argh.
DOCTOR: It touched them, then death, just as Karl described.
GANATUS: Ptolem, we've got to get into the Doctor's Tardis. It's our only way out of here.
PTOLEM: What about the crew? We've got to
GANATUS: We both know there won't be any survivors.
DALEK: We will enter the Tardis. Move! Move!
DOCTOR: And what if I refuse?
DALEK: You will be exterminated.
DOCTOR: Ah yes, that. Just testing. Come on.
DALEKS: Exterminate! Retreat!

(Tardis door closes.)
GANATUS: So it's true. This ship of yours, Doctor, it's
DOCTOR: Yes, it is.
PTOLEM: Mmm, yes, very impressive, Doctor.
DALEK: Activate the Tardis immediately. Activate!
DOCTOR: Yes, all right. Calm down. We're perfectly safe in here.
NYSSA: Doctor, if we dematerialise, we'll end up
DOCTOR: Yes, I know, I know.
(Sets controls. The Tardis dematerialises.)
DALEK: The Tardis is now travelling in our Time corridor. Do not attempt to escape.
NYSSA: We can't escape from it.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Now would someone mind telling me what that creature was? Well?
PTOLEM: It was a Dalek.
DALEK: That is not correct!
PTOLEM: It is what you are becoming. No, you can't deny that, can you.
DOCTOR: The Daleks are changing?

PTOLEM: It's a random genetic mutation. The Daleks call it the Mutant Phase, and as yet we don't know what triggered it. Or how to stop it.

SUPREME: Dalek Supreme reporting to Emperor.
EMPEROR: Proceed.
SUPREME: The Doctor has been captured.
EMPEROR: Excellent.
SUPREME: He is now travelling to Skaro in his Tardis.
EMPEROR: Have him brought here the moment he arrives.
SUPREME: I obey. Report continues. A Mutant creature bred in Professor Ptolem's laboratory has destroyed the Thal base on Earth. Our Time corridor conduit into that time period has collapsed.
EMPEROR: Now we have the Doctor, that is of no consequence. Any further work can be undertaken by Ptolem and the Doctor in the laboratories here on Skaro.
SUPREME: Understood.
EMPEROR: Defence update?
SUPREME: Defence barrier power levels are diminishing at an increasing rate. The Mutant creatures are breaking through.
EMPEROR: Then time is of the essence.

NYSSA: So, a swarm of those creatures is travelling through space, sucking the life out of every planet they encounter.
GANATUS: That's right.
DOCTOR: How did they develop?
PTOLEM: Some genetic flaw or infection in the Dalek creature is apparently triggered at random. In an alarmingly short space of time, the Dalek creature mutates into a Mutant larva, which then bursts out of the Dalek's outer casing. From what we've just seen, and now know, the maturation into the fully-grown creature happens at an equally fantastic rate. No higher brain functions survive. They are mindless, totally destructive, indestructible.
NYSSA: But we've seen a dead one, and you said that one we saw in your base would soon die.
DOCTOR: Yes, that would rather indicate that they're not indestructible.
DALEK: Correct. Earth is the only planet on which the Mutant creatures have died.
DOCTOR: And you want me to find out what killed them.
GANATUS: Not just find out.
DALEK: You will eliminate the Mutant Phase.
DOCTOR: Really. But why should I have any more luck than your pet Thal scientist here? Presumably you have been trying to find a way, Ptolem?
PTOLEM: I didn't make this choice lightly, Doctor. When we first encountered these creatures, it was a terrifying experience. There are billions of them. Billions! And they travel through space at unbelievable speeds. Then we found what remained of the Daleks on Skaro. They're besieged, Doctor. Besieged by the very creatures they're mutating into. Creatures that now want to destroy and feed off them.
DOCTOR: So you're asking me to find a way to eliminate a new species? A species that is effectively wiping out the Daleks? Why should I? These creatures could achieve something the rest of the universe has been striving to do for centuries.
PTOLEM: I have no illusions about the evil of the Daleks, believe me, Doctor. But compared to these Mutant creatures, the Daleks are nothing. Against the Daleks, at least the peoples of the universe had a fighting chance.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Yes, I see.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: There's something not right here. This is not right. I feel it.
NYSSA: What do you mean?
GANATUS: You have a gift for understatement, Doctor.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, do you remember when we first encountered the Time corridor?
NYSSA: Yes. There was a massive release of Temporal energy. You said something about a bump in the Time track. That was an effect of the corridor, wasn't it?
DOCTOR: I thought so. I'm not so sure now. Oh, no.
GANATUS: What is it?

DOCTOR: Nyssa, that arm of yours.
NYSSA: What? Oh, it's
DOCTOR: It's looking distinctly unpleasant.
NYSSA: I know, and the pain's getting worse, but it's
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: We've arrived.
NYSSA: Doctor, what did you mean by
DALEK: You will be taken to the Emperor. Now!
DOCTOR: No. First I have to find out everything Ptolem knows about these Mutant
DALEK: The Emperor will explain all.
DOCTOR: Oh, will he?
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Very well.
DALEK: Move.
GANATUS: Good luck, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ptolem, would you take a look at Nyssa's arm for me, please?
PTOLEM: Er, yes. Yes, of course.
DALEK: Move.
DOCTOR: Oh, after you.
DALEK: Move!
DOCTOR: Have it your own way.
(Footsteps. Tardis door closes.)
PTOLEM: Well, let's have a look at your arm.
NYSSA: Oh, ah! Careful.
PTOLEM: Looks like the Doctor was right to be concerned about it, Nyssa. What happened?
GANATUS: Is it an insect bite of some sort?
NYSSA: I was stung by a wasp on Earth.
GANATUS: On Earth? There are no insects on Earth.
NYSSA: No, I mean in an earlier time period.
PTOLEM: How much earlier?
NYSSA: The Doctor said it was round about 2157. The Daleks had invaded.
PTOLEM: Really? I see.

(Door opens. Footsteps.)
EMPEROR: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Looks like we've both had a facelift since we last met. Now, what seems to be the trouble?

(Door opens. Hurrying footsteps.)
DALEK: Move. Move!
NYSSA: Where are you taking me?
PTOLEM: I have a laboratory here. I want to take a closer look at that arm of yours.
NYSSA: Why? It's just a wasp
PTOLEM: I've had an idea. Ganatus, get the cell analyser up and running as soon as we arrive.
GANATUS: Right, but we'd better get a move on. This sector of the Dalek city isn't safe.
DALEK: Defence barrier strength is at its lowest level here. Mutant creatures could break through at any moment. Faster! You must move faster! Move!
(Banging.)
GANATUS: Through here. Come on, quick.
NYSSA: What's this idea of yours, Ptolem?
PTOLEM: You got that wasp sting in the year 2158.
NYSSA: How can you be sure of the exact year?
PTOLEM: Oh, I'm sure all right.

DOCTOR: So you're convinced that whatever caused this mutation happened during the Dalek occupation of Earth in the twenty second century.
EMPEROR: Correct. Analysis of Dalek DNA records undertaken by Professor Ptolem indicate no genetic impurities before the Earth year 2158 AD.

DOCTOR: Well, I never. Daleks keeping medical records. Do you all go in for routine check-ups then?
EMPEROR: Genetic material is regularly extracted from all Daleks to facilitate operations at our reproduction plants.
DOCTOR: I see. So theoretically, an undetected infection from one Dalek could, in some form, work its way genetically though most of the Dalek race in time.
EMPEROR: It is possible.
DOCTOR: You want me to go back there and stop that infection from spreading, don't you?
EMPEROR: Correct.
DOCTOR: Why haven't you tried to do that yourselves?

PTOLEM: Because they don't have the power to make their Time corridor stretch back that far.
NYSSA: But why not?
PTOLEM: Hold still. Does that hurt?
NYSSA: A little.
PTOLEM: Just sit tight. This won't take long. Remember, the Daleks are under siege here. Their power and resources are running out. They've barely been able to keep the Time corridor running back to the Earth of 4253.
NYSSA: Back? What time period are we in now?
PTOLEM: Ganatus, activate.
GANATUS: Activating analyser.
PTOLEM: Nyssa, look at the screen. What *is* that?
NYSSA: Looks like eggs.
PTOLEM: Tiny insect eggs. Or to be more precise, wasp eggs.
GANATUS: That's what is in her arm? Why?
PTOLEM: I have heard of such a thing. Insects which kill their prey by injecting eggs.
NYSSA: That's right. The hatching larvae then eat their way out, emerging nourished and healthy. I hope you're not proposing we let them eat their way out of my arm?
PTOLEM: Don't worry, I'll remove them with the laser scalpel. I'll just freeze the affected area first, (buzz) and let me just seal the wound. Now, that didn't hurt, did it?
NYSSA: No.
PTOLEM: Let's have a closer look at those eggs.
NYSSA: You think they've got something to do with the Mutant Phase, don't you?
PTOLEM: Well, the Mutant creature DNA contains certain insectoid elements.
NYSSA: They certainly resemble insects.
PTOLEM: Precisely. And you picked this up in 2158, the year the first genetic impurities show up in the Dalek DNA records, so yes. Yes, I do think this has something to do with the Mutant Phase.
GANATUS: Then we're close to a solution?

DOCTOR: Of course, you do know you're asking me to break one of the most important Laws of Time.
EMPEROR: You have no choice but to obey.
DOCTOR: Or you'll kill me? Nyssa? Everyone? Which?
EMPEROR: If the historical origin of the Mutant Phase cannot be reversed, we will *all* die. Incidences of mutation are increasing, and the swarm of Mutant creatures is breaking through our defence barriers. We cannot stop them.
DOCTOR: What if I prefer to die rather than compromise history? What's the matter? Concept too difficult for you?
EMPEROR: Victory for the Mutant creatures will mean the end of history.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, it will rather, won't it. And that just doesn't make sense to me.
EMPEROR: Then you will help us?
DOCTOR: Yes.

(Someone cries out.)
GANATUS: Mutant creatures are breaking in. The defence barrier must be giving way.
PTOLEM: There isn't going to be enough time to process this data. I don't believe it, Ganatus. We've come this far and now. What are you doing, Nyssa?
NYSSA: There's definitely a partial DNA match between the wasp and the Mutant Dalek cells.

GANATUS: You're sure?
NYSSA: Yes, look.
PTOLEM: She's right.
GANATUS: But where does that leave us? Those creatures will have torn this city apart long before you get close to finding a cure.
NYSSA: Ptolem, can you save all the DNA information, and all your research, onto an external drive of some sort?
PTOLEM: External? You mean a data crystal?
NYSSA: Yes. Then get on with it. We can download it all into the Tardis databank.
GANATUS: Do it, Ptolem. Remember, that's what the Daleks want us to do. Go back in time and stop the Mutant Phase.
NYSSA: Back in time? But the Doctor will never agree to
(Bang, crash.)
PTOLEM: Downloading.
GANATUS: When you've done that, we must get straight back to the Tardis.
NYSSA: But what about the Doctor?
GANATUS: The Emperor will be sending him there by now.
NYSSA: But what if you're wrong? I can't pilot the Tardis.
GANATUS: Trust me. I know the Daleks of old.
NYSSA: But
GANATUS: Ptolem, what are you doing?
PTOLEM: Just collecting everything I need for the journey. (sotto) Including some insurance.
GANATUS: What did you say?
PTOLEM: Come on, then.

(Alarms.)
SUPREME: Defence barrier is failing. Mutant creatures have breached city defences in all sectors. Projections indicate total infiltration in one hundred and fifty three point seven rels.
DOCTOR: I never thought I'd feel sorry for the Daleks as they faced destruction, but I do.
EMPEROR: Doctor, the Thal scientist has made an important discovery. You must work with him.
DOCTOR: What discovery? How do you know?
EMPEROR: You must travel back in time. Now, go, Doctor. Go!
DOCTOR: I'd wish you good luck but
EMPEROR: Leave us to our fate.
DOCTOR: Fate? Never heard of it.
(Explosions. Daleks screaming.)

(Running.)
GANATUS: This way. Come on.
(Mutants.)
NYSSA: Ptolem, get back.
DALEK: Exterminate the Mutant creatures. Exterminate!
PTOLEM: Daleks, get over here now.
DALEK: The humanoids must enter the time machine. It is the order of the Emperor. Proceed, proceed.
GANATUS: Come on! Quickly, inside!
DALEK: We will give covering fire. Exterminate the Mutant creatures.

(Tardis doors close.)
NYSSA: (panting) Doctor. Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: Yes. How's your arm?
NYSSA: Better. Doctor, we
GANATUS: Did you agree to the Emperor's plan, Doctor?
DOCTOR: To break the Laws of Time? To tamper with history? Strangely enough, yes.
GANATUS: Good.
DOCTOR: Although how I'll go about isolating one infected Dalek I haven't the foggiest.
GANATUS: Well, shouldn't you set your craft in motion?
DOCTOR: What's this important discovery you've made, Ptolem?

PTOLEM: This? How did you? Well, it's Nyssa we must really thank. We discovered similar genetic properties in
(Explosions outside.)
GANATUS: Ptolem, Doctor, we're wasting time. We must leave now.
DOCTOR: Time is relative, Ganatus, and as I said, we're perfectly safe in here.
GANATUS: No!
PTOLEM: Ganatus, what is it? What do you mean?
GANATUS: Don't you realise? The Dalek Emperor will destroy Skaro, and those filthy creatures with it, rather than be contaminated or devoured by those things.
DOCTOR: What makes you so sure, Ganatus?
NYSSA: Aren't we safe in the Tardis anyway, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Perhaps. But I wouldn't like to risk it. If Ganatus is right, then the Dalek Time corridor will implode, and we might be sucked into. How very worrying.
PTOLEM: What is? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Very well, Ganatus, I'll heed your warning.
(Controls set, the Tardis dematerialises.)
DOCTOR: There now, happy?
GANATUS: Thank you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: And now we're at a safe distance, the scanner please, Nyssa.
NYSSA: Of course.
DOCTOR: Planet Skaro, in its death throes.

EMPEROR: The Doctor will obey. The Doctor must obey. Argh! Sever Time corridor connection now. Activate Temporal drive boosters.
SUPREME: I obey.
EMPEROR: Transmit total transference.
(KaBOOM.)

DOCTOR: Temporal shock wave.
GANATUS: Time distortion! Doctor, will your Tardis? Will we survive this?
DOCTOR: I sincerely hope so.
PTOLEM: Ganatus, what is it?
NYSSA: What's the matter with him?
GANATUS: Oh, help me.
(Normality is resumed.)
DOCTOR: We made it. Hmm, not much damage considering.
PTOLEM: Ganatus. Ganatus!
NYSSA: He's out cold. Could it have been the time distortion?
DOCTOR: Possibly, but unlikely. Let's have a look. Seems all right, just unconscious.
PTOLEM: His heart rate and respiration seem fine.
DOCTOR: All we can do is make him comfortable. We'll put him in one of the spare rooms. Nyssa, I've set the coordinates for our original landing point on Earth.
NYSSA: In America? The rape field, Kansas.
DOCTOR: Yes. It's as good a place to start as any. Just keep an eye on things here, watch the old girl doesn't drift off course. Ptolem, will you help me carry him?
PTOLEM: Of course, Doctor. Come on, old friend.
NYSSA: Right. Oh, Ptolem's brought a data crystal of all his research into the Mutant Phase. I'll input it into the Tardis databank.
DOCTOR: Good. Good.
NYSSA: It's in this case of yours, is it, Ptolem?
PTOLEM: Er, yes, yes. But don't touch anything else in there. Some of it is er quite fragile.
DOCTOR: Ah, please, Ptolem, he's not getting any lighter. Come on.
NYSSA: Now, let's see. I wonder what that is?

(Door opens.)
NYSSA: Morning. Don't tell me you haven't been to bed yet?
DOCTOR: All right, let's go through it again.
NYSSA: Again?
DOCTOR: Again.

NYSSA: How many times have you reviewed that data crystal?
DOCTOR: Er, five hundred and fifteen times.
NYSSA: Precisely. And you know what that means?
DOCTOR: Time for another cup of tea, probably.
NYSSA: No. It means you should go to bed.
DOCTOR: So, a Dalek on twenty second century Earth somehow absorbs DNA from a wasp, which triggers an accelerated unstable long-term genetic mutation in the Dalek creature, resulting in the Mutant creatures. That much we know.
NYSSA: We also know that the DNA comes from the same kind of wasp that decided to sting me.
DOCTOR: Do we think that's relevant?
NYSSA: We don't know.
DOCTOR: No. No, no, no, we don't.
NYSSA: Except that the Dalek could have absorbed the DNA from a wasp sting containing the eggs.
DOCTOR: Hmm. But how do you sting an actual Dalek creature inside several inches of bonded polycarbide armour, and numerous other defences?
NYSSA: We don't know.
DOCTOR: No, we don't. It's there. It's staring me in the face, I know it it must be, but I just can't see it.
NYSSA: Doctor, your mind's exhausted. Even Time Lords need sleep, don't they? Ptolem went to bed hours ago.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. How's Ganatus?
NYSSA: Still unconscious.
DOCTOR: And that's another mystery. Why did he collapse? Couldn't have been a side-effect of the Tardis
NYSSA: Doctor. Rest.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Rest. Yes, well, I suppose we have all the time in the universe to think this through, hovering in the Vortex, poised to make the critical decision, and land.
NYSSA: In 2158?
DOCTOR: Oh, I think so, don't you? Goodnight.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes? Nyssa, what is it?
NYSSA: Why are you doing this?
DOCTOR: Er, well, we have to find
NYSSA: When Adric died
DOCTOR: Ah.
NYSSA: You said we should never ask you to go back in time and change things.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, and I meant it.
NYSSA: But you're going to go back now, aren't you?
DOCTOR: If there's no other way, yes. Look, there are some secrets of Time that I just can't risk divulging.
NYSSA: You mean you don't trust me.
DOCTOR: No, of course I trust you, Nyssa, but I don't know what lies ahead for you.
NYSSA: What? What are you saying, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You see, there will come a time when you and I will part company, and neither of us has any way of knowing what you will do, or who you will meet, or what you may tell them, or what they may force you to tell them. Nyssa, there are some secrets that a Time Lord must never, ever reveal.
NYSSA: It's something to do with that, that bump in the Time track you mentioned, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes.
NYSSA: And when Skaro exploded, you said the destruction of the Daleks' Time corridor might, might *do* something, but you stopped yourself from saying what. Doctor, I need to understand.
DOCTOR: Nyssa. (sighs) I'll say this much. It has to do with the nature of the universe and the fabric of Time itself. Somehow there's an unpredictable reaction between the two. You've heard of Temporal Paradoxes.
NYSSA: Yes. When someone in the future travels back to alter the past, but finds that their actions in the past were the very actions that caused their future to be the way it is.
DOCTOR: That's one example, and as it happens, a very pertinent one, and that's all I'm

prepared to say. Goodnight.
NYSSA: So the Daleks caused the Mutant Phase by getting you to try to stop it. Is that what you mean? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Goodnight, Nyssa.

(Door opens.)
PTOLEM: Ganatus? Ganatus, my friend. Still unconscious. You know, I miss you, old friend. You've been at my side for almost as long as I can remember. Just two grubby-faced kids on an evacuation ship. From that day on, I don't think there was a decision I made or a thought I considered, that in some way I didn't discuss with you, until we found ourselves working to save the Daleks. Huh. Somehow it changed us both, didn't it. Oh, we've kept up the appearance of our friendship, haven't we? Shared the odd joke from time to time. But we both know there's been a distance between us. I, I'm sorry, Ganatus. Perhaps I've become distrusting and secretive. And the truth is, it's been so long, I don't think I can change now.
(Ganatus stirs.)
PTOLEM: Even this secret I carry now, this terrible thing I know I must do, I don't think I can tell you. Even now
GANATUS: What?
PTOLEM: Ganatus.
GANATUS: What secret, Ptolem?

(Working the Tardis computer.)
NYSSA: Useless. And all because of a wasp. Wasp. Wasps. Cross-reference the Tardis databank historical files. Key word wasps linked to, where was it? Kansas, America, Earth. from 2158 AD onwards. Hmm. Nothing until after 2167. Perhaps that's when the Daleks left Earth. Right. Let's have a look. I think this could be it.

PTOLEM: Doctor. Doctor! This wretched place. All the corridors look the same. Hello? Doctor! Nyssa!
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Hello. Yes, yes. I was trying to sleep, but now I'm awake.
PTOLEM: I'm sorry, Doctor, it's Ganatus. He's come round. I wondered if you could have a look at him.
DOCTOR: Well, I don't know what I can do. But, yes, yes, yes, of course I will come.
(Big noise. A bell tolls.)
PTOLEM: What's happening?
DOCTOR: Oh dear, something bad. That's the Cloister Bell.
PTOLEM: Cloister? Where are you going?
DOCTOR: Ganatus will have to wait. We must get to the console room. Come on!

GANATUS: Ptolem! Ptolem! Doctor!
(Cloister bell tolls.)
GANATUS: Hmm. Otherwise engaged. Good. That means it has started.

NYSSA: How is that possible?
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa, what is it? What's going on?
NYSSA: It's the Dalek Time corridor again.
PTOLEM: But I thought you said it had imploded?
DOCTOR: Yes, it had. Let's see.
(Beeps and burbles.)
DOCTOR: Clever. Very clever.
NYSSA: The Daleks?
DOCTOR: Leave nothing to chance. They boosted the entrance to their Time corridor back into the past before it imploded, and we've drifted straight into it.
PTOLEM: Where are we heading?
DOCTOR: Where they wanted to make sure we headed. I'll give you two guesses.
PTOLEM: Don't tell me. 2158.
NYSSA: Earth, America, Kansas, in a field of genetically modified vegetation.

DOCTOR: Genetically modified? What are you talking about, Nyssa?
NYSSA: I've been cross-referencing Ptolem's research with the historical information in the Tardis databank.
DOCTOR: How very ingenious.
NYSSA: Doctor, I know what destroyed the Mutant Phase creatures on Earth in the forty third century.
(Whoosh, all cry out. Alarm.)
DOCTOR: Well done, Nyssa, but I'm afraid that may well prove academic.
PTOLEM: What's happening now?
DOCTOR: It seems the Emperor's plan has backfired a little on him, and us. The Dalek Time corridor hasn't withstood the test of time, as it were. That's the trouble with inferior technology build by megalomaniac machines.
PTOLEM: What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: It really *is* imploding this time.
NYSSA: With us inside it.
PTOLEM: Oh no!

GANATUS: Everything is as it should be. (chuckles) The Doctor will destroy the Mutant Phase, and this time the Daleks will *never* be defeated. (Dalek voice) The Doctor will obey. The Doctor must obey.

[Part Four]

(Time distortion and lots of noise.)
NYSSA: Doctor, can't we break free?
(Normality.)
DOCTOR: I don't believe it.
PTOLEM: Are we going to make it, Doctor?
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: Er, apparently we have.

(Buzzing insects, automatic gunfire.)

PTOLEM: Is this where you landed before, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. In fact, exactly the same spot.
(Scanner activates.)
DOCTOR: To the atom.
NYSSA: Doctor, look at the scanner.
DOCTOR: Oh dear. Turn the sound up, Nyssa.
DOCTOR [OC]: You see that blue box just over there?
ROBOMAN [OC]: Yeah.
DOCTOR [OC]: They're hiding in there, aren't they, Nyssa?
NYSSA [OC]: Oh, yes. Yes, they are. Definitely.
ROBOMAN [OC]: I do not believe you.
PTOLEM: Is this what happened?
NYSSA: Exactly what happened.
DOCTOR: Exactly what *is* happening. And if you remember, Nyssa, trouble is on its way.
NYSSA [OC]: It's landing. What is it?
DOCTOR [OC]: Er.
DALEK [OC]: Identify yourselves.
DOCTOR [OC]: That, Nyssa, is a Dalek.
DALEK [OC]: Identify.
DOCTOR [OC]: A little dented and battle-scarred, but definitely a Dalek.
DALEK [OC]: Identify!
DOCTOR: Of course. That's how a wasp could inject its DNA into a Dalek. Look at that Dalek. Look at it.
NYSSA: Dented and battle-scarred.
DOCTOR: Probably damaged by the grenade we'd heard earlier. It must have breached the Dalek's casing just enough for a wasp to crawl through.

PTOLEM: You're saying the Mutant Phase just because one wasp managed to get inside one Dalek? It's that simple?
DOCTOR: History sways on the simplest of pivots, Professor.
NYSSA: Doctor, they're, we're coming this way.
DOCTOR [OC]: Now, Nyssa, now!
DALEK [OC]: Do not move!
NYSSA: Doctor, if they come in here with us, won't that break the
DOCTOR: The Laws of Time. Absolutely.
(Beeps and boops.)
NYSSA: What are you up to?
NYSSA [OC]: All right, all right.
DALEK [OC]: Halt!
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
PTOLEM: But I don't understand.
DOCTOR: They entered *their* Tardis, not ours.
NYSSA: And our Tardis has dematerialised too.
DOCTOR: Yes. And landed again. About five hundred or so metres er, west of our last position. Hopefully out of harm's way. All down to the Hostile Action Displacement System. Now.
NYSSA: Looks quiet enough out there.
PTOLEM: I'm hoping all this means it's safe to carry out our mission, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Safe? Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that.
PTOLEM: Nyssa, you said you've discovered what destroyed the Mutant Phase on Earth.
DOCTOR: Well, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Yes. Traces of a particular pesticide in the soil samples Ptolem took in the forty third century.
PTOLEM: But how do you know that *this* pesticide was responsible for killing the Mutant creatures?
DOCTOR: Let me guess. Because it was the same pesticide used to kill the species of wasp which originally infected that Dalek out there.
NYSSA: Well done, Doctor. The Ichneumon wasp. You see, part of the intended effect of the genetic modification of those plants out there was for them to release a chemical that agitated the Ichneumon wasp.
PTOLEM: But why would the humans want to do that?
DOCTOR: Oh, GM crop's quite a fad for the scientific community on Earth, particularly in America.
NYSSA: Because, Doctor, the wasps, now more aggressive, started attacking and killing more of the caterpillars which were threatening to destroy the crop. The wasps were effectively protecting the plants.
PTOLEM: So why did the humans create a pesticide to destroy the wasps?
NYSSA: Because the wasps became far too aggressive, and because they were laying more and more eggs, their numbers increased alarmingly. The Tardis historical databank shows that after the Daleks had left Earth in 2167, there were wide-spread reports of wasps swarming and actually attacking people.
DOCTOR: You *have* been doing your homework.
NYSSA: The crisis point came on er, July the 21st 2172. I'll transfer the information to the scanner.
SPOKESMAN [OC]: Whole town. Three thousand innocent people. Nearly five hundred wiped out by an angry swarm of Ichneumon wasps, the rest severely injured. I've just come from the Governor's office, and she has authorised the immediate use of GK50. We've got to stop those damn wasps right in their tracks.
DOCTOR: And that's presumably what they did.
NYSSA: Yes. And this is the formula for GK50.
PTOLEM: Those chemicals *were* present in the soil samples I took in the forty third century.
DOCTOR: And we need them again now. Right, follow. me.
NYSSA: Where are you going?
DOCTOR: Come on, time is marching ever forward, and we haven't a moment to lose.

(Door opens and closes.)
DALEK 2: Report.

ROBOMAN: A Roboman has been killed. I found a man and a woman. They were strangely dressed. There was a blue box.
DALEK: This Roboman called for assistance. I ordered them taken captive but they escaped.
DALEK 2: Why did you not exterminate them?
ROBOMAN: They entered the blue box.
DALEK: It was resistant to our fire power.
DALEK 2: Where is this object now? Speak!
ROBOMAN: I, I, I do not, I
DALEK 2: Answer!
ROBOMAN: It, it vanished.
DALEK 2: Do you concur with this Roboman's report?
DALEK: I concur.
DALEK 2: Unacceptable. Roboman will report immediately for reconditioning. Move.
ROBOMAN: I obey.
(Footsteps. Door opens.)
DALEK 2: You have sustained damage. Explain yourself.
DALEK: Freedom fighters ambushed my patrol
DALEK 2: You will report for cell donation, full diagnostic testing and repairs to your casing.
DALEK: I obey.

PTOLEM: Doctor, where are you taking us?
NYSSA: Of course. We're heading for the Tardis's laboratory, aren't we?
DOCTOR: That's right.
NYSSA: You want us to synthesise the GK50 pesticide.
DOCTOR: Think you're up to the task?
NYSSA: Well, I, I think so.
DOCTOR: You'd better be, because it's our only chance of stopping the Mutation in that Dalek from progressing. I have to modify my hand-held tracker to detect that Dalek's new DNA signature. It's vital we find it. With luck, it should stand out like a sore thumb. In here.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: You'd better get started, Nyssa. Ptolem, you help her.
PTOLEM: But Doctor, how can we be sure this pesticide will reverse the Mutant Phase at this early stage of its incubation?
DOCTOR: We can't be sure.
PTOLEM: What!
DOCTOR: Just as we can't really be sure that I'm right about it being that particular Dalek, or that it isn't halfway to the Moon by now in a flying saucer, or that the GK50 may just kill the Dalek. Nothing is ever certain, Professor, but we're wrapped up in a damaged spatio-temporal causal nexus point, which means we've got to try.
PTOLEM: We should just find that Dalek and kill it. Why waste time on this pesticide?
DOCTOR: Please, Professor Ptolem! I'd rather not risk peripheral damage to the Time line.
PTOLEM: Peripheral damage?
NYSSA: You mean that Dalek might have some historical significance beyond the Mutant Phase?
DOCTOR: Yes, it might. Who knows? It's possible it will go on to be responsible for the death of someone. If we kill that Dalek and that someone lives
NYSSA: And that someone changes history.
PTOLEM: I see. My God, Doctor. It's a mine field.
DOCTOR: So we must tread very carefully.
NYSSA: And get a move on.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Meet me in the console room as soon as you can. Every moment we delay, that Dalek is getting further and further away from us.

DALEK: Reporting for repairs to outer casing.
DALEK 3: Move into the remoulding bay immediately.
DALEK: I obey.

DOCTOR: Yes. Ah ha. If I can just
GANATUS: Ah. Ah, hello.

DOCTOR: Ganatus.
GANATUS: What's happening, Doctor? Where's Ptolem.
DOCTOR: Feeling better?
GANATUS: Yes, thank you. Do you know what happened to me?
DOCTOR: No. Do you?
GANATUS: No. I remember Skaro exploding, then, then
DOCTOR: You collapsed. And in answer to your earlier question, Ptolem is helping Nyssa synthesise a pesticide which will hopefully be injected into a damaged Dalek which is already carrying the Mutant Phase.
GANATUS: I see. How are you going to do that?
DOCTOR: I haven't the faintest idea. Not yet, anyway.
GANATUS: Er, well, can I help?
DOCTOR: Not just yet. Yes, that should do it. Now then.
GANATUS: Why are you looking at me like that?
DOCTOR: You're a bit of a mystery to me, Ganatus.
GANATUS: I am?
DOCTOR: I can't think of a single reason in the whole universe why you collapsed.
GANATUS: Well, I'm with you on that. Neither can I.
DOCTOR: Neither can I think of why you were right about the Dalek Emperor destroying Skaro.
GANATUS: I'm afraid I don't follow.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Ever heard the story of the scorpion and the frog?
GANATUS: The? No.
DOCTOR: No, perhaps you haven't.
NYSSA: Doctor, we've managed to synthesise the GK50, and I've rigged up this injection probe.
PTOLEM: Oh, Ganatus, how are you feeling?
DOCTOR: He's much better, aren't you.
GANATUS: Er, yes, yes, I am.
(Time distort.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.
NYSSA: Doctor, Ptolem and Ganatus, they're frozen, like statues, phasing in and out of existence. What's going on?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure, but I've got a few nasty theories.
NYSSA: But you're not going to tell me what they are, are you.
DOCTOR: The cogs of a great machine, locked together, turning in opposite directions. Time and Space crushing each other to death like brainless beasts unleashed.
NYSSA: Doctor, what do you mean? Tell me.
DOCTOR: It's getting worse, Nyssa.
NYSSA: The paradox? The Time paradox?
DOCTOR: Yes. There are good and bad places to have them. This is a bad place. Just bad luck in the game of universal dice, really, but if we don't do something, everything could unravel.
NYSSA: Everything?
DOCTOR: Everything. Almost too large a concept to have any meaning, isn't it? Can you imagine the chaos in every particle of matter accelerating to the point of destruction? And even destruction is too small a word. Terror, agony, they don't even come close.
NYSSA: So if we don't stop the Mutant Phase
DOCTOR: I'm not even sure that's what we've got to do now.
NYSSA: You mean you don't know what's caused the Time paradox?
DOCTOR: I thought the nexus point was when the Dalek was stung by the wasp, and we had caused that by bouncing off the Dalek Time corridor, landing here and accidentally drawing that damaged Dalek into an area where a wasp could get inside its casing, when the seeds of the Mutant Phase were sown, as it were.
NYSSA: But what's made you change your mind?
DOCTOR: Ganatus.
(Distort ends.)
GANATUS: Yes, Doctor?
NYSSA: The Time distortion's stopped.
PTOLEM: Time distortion? When?

DOCTOR: We were outside Time, Nyssa, looking in on the impending disaster.
NYSSA: Why?
GANATUS: Be careful, Nyssa. I wouldn't drop that injection probe if I were you. Here
DOCTOR: Nyssa! No, don't let him take it.
GANATUS: Take this? And why not, hmm? An ingenious piece of work, Nyssa. I take it one simply holds the grip, inserts the probe into the damaged Dalek's casing and
PTOLEM: Ganatus, what are you doing? Let him go.
NYSSA: Doctor!
GANATUS: I take it the contents of this probe would be lethal to the Doctor if I injected even the smallest amount into his neck.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't advise you to try it.
GANATUS: I'm sure you wouldn't.
PTOLEM: Ganatus, I don't understand. Why?
GANATUS: And you thought you were the one with the terrible secret. Well, whatever it is, it doesn't matter now. Nyssa, open the external doors. The Doctor and I have an appointment with destiny. To make the Daleks invincible.
NYSSA: Doctor!
DALEK GANATUS: You will obey.
DOCTOR: That voice. That's how you knew the Emperor's plans.
NYSSA: Their minds must be linked somehow.
PTOLEM: But the Emperor was killed when Skaro was destroyed. How can there be a link?
DALEK GANATUS: I am the Emperor. Do you think I would permit a Thal scientist, no matter how brilliant, no matter how well-intentioned, to work unobserved?
PTOLEM: You? You've been at my side all these years, Ganatus.
GANATUS: Watching your every move.
PTOLEM: I thought you were my friend.
GANATUS: I retain all relevant information from Ganatus, but my mind is now a perfect copy of the Emperor's consciousness. His final act on Skaro was to transmit the signal for total transference of thought.
DOCTOR: Because you couldn't trust me to carry out your mission for you. You couldn't trust me, you couldn't trust Ptolem. You have a problem with trust, don't you. Typical Dalek neuroses.
GANATUS: The door, Nyssa, or I kill the Doctor now.
(Tardis door opens.)
GANATUS: Thank you. Do not follow us.
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Stay in the Tardis, Nyssa.

DALEK 3: Remoulding of your outer casing complete. Communication from Dalek Command indicates that you have made erroneous reports and may be experiencing perceptual difficulties.
DALEK: Understood.
DALEK 3: You will now move into the diagnostic scanning bay for analysis of your internal systems.
DALEK: I obey.

(Wasps buzzing.)
DOCTOR: Isn't it enough that we're here to stop the Mutant Phase, to save the Dalek race of the future? What do you hope to achieve by this?
GANATUS: Total Dalek victory, naturally.
DOCTOR: Oh.
GANATUS: Keep moving, Doctor. We cannot afford to waste time.
DOCTOR: No, I think I'll just sit here and enjoy the view.
GANATUS: Get up.
DOCTOR: Or you'll exterminate me, is that it? Exterminate me by pumping me full of GK50, is that the plan? But I think you need me alive.
GANATUS: Get up.
DOCTOR: And I don't think I'll be needing this after all.
GANATUS: What are you doing?
DOCTOR: Destroying the tracker. Now how are you going to find the infected Dalek?

GANATUS: You would risk the future?
DOCTOR: Looks like it. Would you, I wonder?

NYSSA: No sign of them. They're out of scanner range. Ptolem, what are you doing?
PTOLEM: What we should have planned to do in the first place.
NYSSA: I saw that capsule in your case before. What is it?
PTOLEM: An insurance policy, Nyssa. Something I developed little by little during my years working for the Daleks. It's raw, untested, perhaps with dangerous side-effects. I had hoped to be more confident of its effectiveness, but I'm almost certain it will work.
NYSSA: Almost? You might as well tell me what it is.
PTOLEM: A genetic retrovirus, designed to destroy the Daleks.
NYSSA: Why didn't you use it when you were on Skaro?
PTOLEM: Because my initial findings indicated it wouldn't work on the Mutated Daleks. But the Daleks in this time zone have not been exposed to the Mutant Phase. All I have to do is step outside the Tardis, break the capsule, and from this moment the destruction of the Daleks will begin. In two generations, they will have died out completely.
NYSSA: Ptolem, you can't do it.
PTOLEM: And why not? If it works, I'll not only have rid the universe of the Mutant Phase
NYSSA: You don't understand. There are powerful forces at play here. Forces that hold the universe together. I don't understand it myself, but from the little the Doctor's told me, our interference in the time line at this point is dangerous enough as it is. If you try to alter history in any other way, it
PTOLEM: What? What will happen? Millions of worlds will be free from the menace of the Daleks. Is that such a bad aim?
NYSSA: No. No, it isn't. But we can't take the risk with
PTOLEM: Why not, Nyssa? Why not.

(Whooshes.)
DOCTOR: Ah, we've been spotted. Reinforcements. Let's see how well you do with these, Ganatus.
DALEK 4: Do not move or you will be exterminated.
GANATUS: Daleks, take me to your Commander. I have vital information.
DALEK 4: Silence.
DOCTOR: Why don't you tell them you're their Emperor? I'm sure they'll believe you.
GANATUS: Silence.
DALEK 4: Silence.
DOCTOR: Touché.
DALEK 4: Patrol five reporting to Dalek Command.

DALEK 2: Speak.
DALEK 4 [OC]: Two unidentified humanoids captured.
DALEK 2: Bring them to Dalek Command for interrogation.
DALEK 4 [OC]: Patrol six has made visual contact with a blue cuboid object of unknown origin.
DALEK 2: Order anti-grav units attached to the object. Bring it to Control for full analysis.
DALEK 4 [OC]: I obey.

PTOLEM: What are those Daleks doing out there?
NYSSA: I don't know. I can't quite see. But I wouldn't suggest you go out there to find out. They'd kill you before you had a chance to break that capsule of yours.
(Alarm.)
PTOLEM: What does that mean?
NYSSA: It's the external motion sensor. Yes, look at the scanner. They're moving the Tardis.

DALEK 2: Enter.
(Door opens and closes.)
DALEK 4: These are the prisoners.
DALEK 2: Identify yourselves.
GANATUS: We are travellers from the future. We have come to help the Daleks, to give you knowledge that will avert a future catastrophe.

DOCTOR: (laughing) He's lying. Don't listen to him. We're enemies of the Daleks!
GANATUS: Silence!
DALEK 2: Time travel is not possible.
GANATUS: Of course it is, you fool. Even now Daleks scientists on Skaro are well
DALEK 2: Silence! You know nothing of Skaro.
GANATUS: I know everything of Skaro.
DALEK 2: Silence!
DOCTOR: Not as easy as you thought, is it?
DALEK 2: You will be silent unless answering my direct questions.
GANATUS: Listen to me! I am your Emperor.
DALEK 2; This human is clearly deranged. Kill it.
DALEK GANATUS: I am your Emperor.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Well, I'd certainly say you'd got their attention. They almost look frightened. (normal) Interesting trick he does with his voice, isn't it?
DALEK 2: You are not the Emperor. That is not possible.
GANATUS: Your mission here on Earth is to remove the planet's core and replace it with an interstellar engine. The primary mine shaft for this operation is located in a small landmass five thousand miles from here, in an area known as Bedfordshire.
DALEK 2: How do you know of this?
GANATUS: Because I formulated the plan. I gave the order for the invasion of Earth. But it is an invasion that will fail because of this man.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Now you really *are* going to have fun explaining this.
DALEK 2: Explain.
GANATUS: In less than nine years from now, he will arrive in London in a blue box.
DALEK 2: We have captured a blue box. It is being brought here for analysis.
GANATUS: Yes! That blue box. He will arrive in it in nine years time.
DALEK 2: But he is here now.
GANATUS: He will defeat the Daleks here on Earth.
DALEK 2: If what you say is true, we should exterminate him now to prevent this.
GANATUS: Yes, yes, exterminate him now by all means, but that will not prevent him from arriving in 2167.
DOCTOR: Don't take any notice of him. He's just trying to confuse you. You've definitely given him some food for thought. You can almost hear his brain ticking over.
DALEK 2: You will be transported by saucer to the Dalek Supreme Commander on Earth for interrogation. Take them.
DALEK 4: Move!
GANATUS: No, wait. Stop.
DALEK 4: Move!
GANATUS: There's something else.
DALEK 4: Move!
GANATUS: You must listen to me.
DALEK 4: Move!
GANATUS: Listen! The survival of the Dalek race depends upon it.
DALEK 2: Speak quickly.
GANATUS: You have a damaged Dalek here. Am I right?
DOCTOR: Don't do this, Ganatus. Ganatus, if there is any part of you left in there, don't
GANATUS: Silence! I knew you could not be trusted with this mission. Even now you would let the Mutant Phase consume the Dalek race.
DOCTOR: No, but
DALEK 2: Mutant Phase? What is Mutant Phase?
GANATUS: Something that will destroy the Daleks. Check on the status of the damaged Dalek. I urge you, check now.
DALEK 2: Dalek Commander to Repair Section. Report on condition of damaged Dalek unit alpha 9.
DALEK 3 [OC]: Undergoing internal scanning. Alien genetic matter is being detected.
DOCTOR: Of course. Don't you see, Ganatus? They've detected it. They've
GANATUS: I am not Ganatus. I am the Emperor of the Daleks, destined to be ruler of the universe!
DOCTOR: Destined to put your foot right in it if you don't listen to me.
DALEK 2: Silence.

DALEK 3 [OC]: We are preparing procedure to extract alien cells.
(Door opens and closes.)
DALEK 4: This is the blue box.
DOCTOR: The Tardis.

NYSSA: It's the Doctor and Ganatus.
PTOLEM: And those Daleks are about to execute them. There's only one thing we can do.
NYSSA: No, Ptolem! Ah!
(Thud.)
PTOLEM: I'm sorry, Nyssa, there's no other way.
(Tardis door opens.)
NYSSA: No! Ptolem, wait.

DALEK 5: Stay where you are. Do not move.
DOCTOR: Ptolem, get back in the Tardis.
DALEK 2: Tardis?
PTOLEM: No, Doctor. There's something I must do.
DOCTOR: What?
NYSSA: Doctor, he's got a retrovirus in that capsule. He's going to
DOCTOR: No, Ptolem, just wait. Please wait. You were right.
PTOLEM: Right about what?
GANATUS: Dalek Commander, kill them all and take this.
DOCTOR: No!
DALEK 2: What is it?
GANATUS: It contains a chemical which will destroy the alien cells in that Dalek.
DOCTOR: No, Ganatus, don't you see? They've already detected the cells and are going to remove them.
GANATUS: What? What are you saying?
DOCTOR: It won't work. The pesticide isn't going to work during this early stage of incubation.
DALEK 2: Silence.
GANATUS: You're bluffing.
DOCTOR: Why on Earth would I do that? We're sitting on one gigantic Time paradox here, and you're the key.
GANATUS: The, the key?
DALEK 2: Silence!
DOCTOR: I thought I was the key, but it's *you*! The Emperor sealed his own fate.
DALEK 2: Silence or you will be exterminated.
DOCTOR: Drop the injection probe. Drop it! Smash it to pieces.
GANATUS: I, I, I
DALEK 2: Kill them. Kill them all.
PTOLEM: Doctor, I have to do this.
NYSSA: Ptolem, no!
DOCTOR: Ptolem, no!
(Breaking glass. Time distortion.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa, get back in the Tardis now!
NYSSA: It's the paradox, isn't it? It's resolving itself.
DOCTOR: Yes. Must get to the Tardis.

(Normality inside the Tardis.)
NYSSA: What about Ptolem and Ganatus? Where are they?
DOCTOR: They were never there. And neither were we.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

(Lots of beeps and the occasional boop.)
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Shh.
(The noises fade.)
NYSSA: Safe to talk now?
DOCTOR: Hmm. No bump in the Time track. Good. Hmm. Er, yes, safe to talk.

NYSSA: Is it worth asking for some kind of explanation, or will you just start being high-handed and Time Lord-ish again.
DOCTOR: Try me.
NYSSA: Where are Ptolem and Ganatus?
DOCTOR: Oh, back where they were before they first encountered the Mutant Phase.
NYSSA: I see. And
DOCTOR: Go on.
NYSSA: What did you mean when you told Ptolem he was right?
DOCTOR: Well, he was the one who suggested our synthesised GK50 might not work.
NYSSA: So in the correct version of history, the Daleks located and extracted the wasp DNA.
DOCTOR: It's not so much that there is a correct or incorrect version of history, it's more a matter of the survival of the universe. A paradox was triggered by the Daleks trying to capture the Tardis in their Time corridor. It caused a dangerously high level release of Temporal energy.
NYSSA: Which sort of damaged an already weakened part of the Space Time Continuum, making it what you called a bad place to have a paradox.
DOCTOR: Er, sort of. But the Daleks solved the potential problem of the Mutant Phase themselves in 2158, before it even happened, really.
NYSSA: So you mean it never happened?
DOCTOR: Er, not quite. You see, the real centre of the paradox which caused the Mutant Phase was triggered by the Emperor Dalek travelling back in time with us, and getting the Daleks to use our GK50 injection probe. The injection would have failed. The genetic mutation would have continued and spread.
NYSSA: But you forced Ganatus to
DOCTOR: You mean the Dalek Emperor.
NYSSA: Yes. You forced the Dalek Emperor to realise just in time that he was the one that caused the Mutant Phase.
DOCTOR: Yes. Hope for the Daleks yet, isn't there. What's the matter?
NYSSA: That doesn't make sense.
DOCTOR: Well, how shall I put it? Paradoxes very rarely do, Nyssa. That's why they're paradoxes.
NYSSA: I suppose you think that's clever.
DOCTOR: Er, yes. (chuckling) Yes, I suppose I do, really.
(Nyssa chuckles too.)